BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS

AN INTERESTING AUTOBIOGRAPHY. John Townsend Trowbridge's Recollections of a Long and Eventful Life

ary man to know most of the men of was bull the letters in this country; and he tells his story with a simplicity and modesty

author of innumerable books for boys.

the best of which are among the best of

No stones could be gathered on account they have gone pretty nearly every-where. Mr. Trowbridge himself, while he frankly admits that he would have liked to be known as a poet, rather nine children were born, except the first than as a writer of juvenile fiction, has

A Reputation Worth Having.

'My best, fullest and most thought

book, but it is a very in- West country blood which has furnished ents. Among his early acquaintances city clanged. will come when such personal records of the early years of American letters will be inestimably precious, and will be inestimably precious, and two hundred and fifty years. From lisher. among its kind this autobiography is Massachusetts, his father's family came excedingly attractive. Mr. Trowbridge, to central New York, and Windsor who is now over seventy-five years old, Stone Trowbridge presently pushed began his career at a time when it was West into the Geneseo country, settling still possible for a rising young liternear Rochester, in midminter, in the

Early Recollections.

"The puncheon floor was of split chest-nut logs, the sleigh boards serving as Healthy Books for Boys.

the floor of the loft. Not a nail was Mr. Trowbridge is best known as the used in the construction; nails were ex-"The Young Surveyor," of the deep snow, and my mother's ket-faster," "The Tinkham tles would slak down into the soft "His Own Master," "The Tinkham tles would slak down into the soft Brothers Tide Mill," are books which pround which formed the hearth. The no healthy boy can help liking. The snow stayed until April. When it was adventure, the sturdy common gone, and she went out and found some and menliness of these books 'good, nice stones' to set her kettles on sense and manifiness of these books 'good, nice stones' to set her kettles on in the fireplace, she 'felt rich,' as she for good wherever they have gone-and used smilingly to tell us children in

no false pride about his reputation in eighth. He was born in September, 1827, the latter line of work. He quotes a after his parents had spent fifteen years of Cochituate water. paragraph from a newspaper interview in their pioneer home. His autobiogas exactly expressing his views on the raphy was published on the seventysixth anniversary of his birth.

"My best, fullest and most thoughtful work has been woven into my poems; yet I find myself far more widely known as a story-writer than as a poet. But the fact has its compensation. Wherever I go I am greeted as an old friend by boys, or by men who have read my books as boys, or, better still, I receive the thanks of sickness, or porthaps helped in times of sickness, or perhaps helped find, and inspired to keep, the right road. I don't know but that after all the most satisfactory monument I could

Mr. Trowbridge comes of that sturdy garded as infants by their doting par- cannon thundered, all the bells of the

His Struggles in New York

to Boston, and from that time on the luminated as if shone upon by a mira Boston of that day.

Like His Own Heroes.

At the age of twenty-one Trowbridge was, according to the picture here reproduced, very much like one of his own heroes, a Yankee youth with a good forehead, shrewd, kindly eyes, a humorous mouth, and large features. He seemed not to have regarded himself as anything of a phenomenon, but we find him at that time furnishing "the brains"

Here we find a bit of history which is omitted from other reminiscences of Boston—a description of the introduction

A Boston Glorification.

Grew Up With the Country.

It will thus be seen that during his roognood he had an opportunity of creeding by the streets. Then a celebration on the slopes of the Common overlooking the slopes of the Common overlooking the slopes of the Common overlooking the slopes of the creeding by the control of the subtle and even learned allusion for the control of the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the subtle and even learned allusion for the control overlooking the control ost satisfactory monument I could he landed in New York, expecting telin. A multitudinous jubilant shout went dote regarding it, which is as follows: we ought to, but it isn't possible.

An Unforgettable Sight.

As if roused by the summons, a lion more important at the time, find a pubup through the fountain's collar, seemed to hesitate a moment at the amazing His Struggles in New York.

He was soon writing stories for magazines at \$1 a page and engraving gold feet in height and shook out its tumbling pencil cases for \$2 or \$3 a day. He yellow locks in the sunset glow. The boarded for a while with a French flow, turbid at first, gradually cleared family for the sake of learning the changing from dull gold to glittering language. All this was before he had silver, and the great concourse of citi attained his majority. In 1848 he went zens broke up with countenances !: narrative is full of mention of the decrease is snow upon by a mira-familiar figures in the literary life of the ers and faultfinders of the day, hardly foreseeing how in a few years Boston would be clamoring for a more abundant water supply!

A Scene From the Past.

wondering how many of those citizens yet live and recall the wild enthusiasm of the hour. Where are the happy tell the tale? Boston has since had another Mayor Quincy, grandson of him whose upraised hand set the guns and bells dinning and the water spouting. The chief water that the concentrate attention and sympathy upon one, and allowed the master to tell his own story, with which I seemed to have little more to do than to put it into form." ing. The chief water commissioner was Nathan Hale, one of Boston's foremost citizens; since when a son of his, ther an obscure young country minister, has shaped for himself a long and juseful There was a grand procession through and distinguished career.

written by a person who has gone through some such terrible experience of intemperance and misery as he determined three weeks ago."

slaves. I never whipped but two boys is as follows:

In my life, and one of them I whipped three weeks ago." I hastened to inform her that the author was a no more dissipated wretch that her own younger brother, whose art she had complimented in suspecting his sobrlety of character."

How It Originated.

The real history of the poem was I saw in the streets of Paris a strolling showman with a troupe of six trained dogs. The appearance of the man, his good-humored drollery, evidently masking more serious traits of character, patient, dumb friends, must have im-A Scene From the Past.

"As I look back now I cannot help after my return to America the year following, he came up in my mind as the subject of a dramatic sketch, which on began to sing itself in rhyme. school children who sang? Who of them discarded five of the dogs in order to survive—old men and women now—to concentrate attention and sympathy tell the tale? Boston has since had upon one, and allowed the master to

Impressions of the South. One of Trowbridge's interesting ex-periences was that of traveling through the South in the days of Reconstruction. Among his reminiscences is the

ville to Corinth I made acquaintance with a manly young Southerner, whose

Illinois to ask if I could tell her any- ants; we've been used to having them the gentle and gracious spirit of the thing about the author of that strange mind us without a word of objection, poet, which, even more than his sunny-The Vagabond.' She went on to and we can't bear anything else from tempered work, make him a beloved 'I cannot help feeling that it was them now. I was always kind to my figure in American literary history. It

Freedom Made No Difference.

goods. He came back with half the them. Overawed by his gray hair and goods he ought to have got for the beard and venerable aspect, but atmoney. I may as well be frank—it was a gallon of whisky. There were five gentlemen at the house, and I wanted his arms to them, when he broke down the whisky for them. I told Bob he all barriers by saying: stole it. Afterward he came into the room and stood by the door-a big. strong fellow, twenty-three years old. I "Bob, what do you want?" said: said: I want satisfaction about that ones you keep for company, but those whisky." He told me afterward he you love best and play with every day. meant that he wasn't satisfied I should think that he had stolen it, and he wanted to come to an understanding brought the shabby little favorites with about it. But I thought he wanted satisfaction gentlemen's fashion. I rushed him their names and histories, while for my gun. I'd have shot him dead he questioned them with an interest on the spot if my friends hadn't held that wholly won their childish hearts. me. They said I'd best not kill him, but that he ought to be whipped. I sent to the stable for a trace, and gave him a

'Oh, he knew better than that! My and seeing Holmes alone in one of the friends stood by to see me through.

The Best of All.

will seem to be those devoted to rem-iniscences of Emerson, Holmes, Long-devalue, We were friends in boyhood; fellow, Walt Whitman, and other men we were classmates in college; our orwill seem to be those devoted to remof letters of the middle nineteenth century. Mr. Trowbridge knew Charles G. Halpin, too, and Father Taylor, the sail-him than I can my own shadow. While or preacher, and Mrs. Stowe, and Gen- he was relating some curious instance eral Sheridan, and Ben. Perley Poor, and of this seeming fatality. Clarke drew numerous others of whom the world has near, still observing the backs of rows. heard. The portraits scattered through when I inquired: the book are unusually good, and one "What is your number, Mr. Clarke "Speaking of the negroes: 'We can't the book are unusually good, and one

"His ways with young children were exceedingly gracious and winning. When he was a free man?' I asked | own girls (then very young indeed) had "Yes; for I tell you that makes no been kept out of sight whenever he difference in our feeling toward them. called, until one day, hearing their I sent him across the country for some laughter in the hall, he asked to see

A Pretty Story.

" 'Where are your dolls? I want you He to show me your dolls. Not the fine "Before the mother could interfere battered noses and were eagerly telling

A Story of the Autocrat.

Among the desultory reminiscences I central seats, took a place beside him was wrong, I know, but I was in a for a chat while the audience was compassion." man Clarke wandering down one of the side aisles, with his numbered ticket in To many readers the best chapters his hand, scanning the backs of scats

He named it. 'Here it is,' I said, 'be-

CHARACTERISTIC HOWELLS BOOK

A Story of New York Life Told in Letters.

whimsical farce of "The Mouse Trap" and it is a dream and the subtle seriousness of "The Quality of Mercy" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes." It is a love story, not very long told in "letters home" written by the principal characters, the scene being laid in New York.

The Outsiders and New York.

The impression which New York makes ore delicately and accurately deselves a place in New York society—and for these there is no French paralfamily of very middle class people from the same town, innocently expecting to take some sort of place in New York society-and in all France is be a younger Charles Bellingham or tained by the temporary resident.

The Epic of New York.

o'clock in the afternoon, and if you have a soul in you it soars sky-scraper high at the sight of the pavements, packed with people, and the street jammed with cars, wagons, carriages, and every vehi-

the poorest. In fact, it is for the poor. There is one window on Fourteenth copie from the world outside, as Street, where the sidewalk is a solid the Shakers call it, has perhaps never mass of humanity from morning till side, and most of the spectators look as if they had not been to breakfast or fatuated with the metropolis as a Gascon might be with Paris; a family of nouveaux riches from the same town, as frankly determined to make for themselves a place in New York register. starve to death here without feeling hungry, for your mind wouldn't be on

> The intoxication of a great city has here found fine expression

A Howells Love Story

of the one or the cynicism of the other, who has managed to entangle himself and there is a damsel from western with two girls. Such a situation is New York who is a sort of modified Purprobably commoner in real life than it probably commoner in real life than it itan—a Penelope Lapham made mere is in fiction, and perhaps it is as well rophisticated and demure. Among them that one novelist should give some time all one gets a fairly good picture of Nev York as it appears from that curious inside-outside point of view at-"E. Nesbit" calls the literary sense. journalist) gives of his feelings is as with another, though a man may seem to do it when he is in reality doing no When I begin anywhere in New York such a thing. At any rate, young I want to leave off and begin somewhere else, for the job is always hopeless. Take the Christmas streets alone, at 3 Colork to the constant of the constant of

Englishman might say, she rather bounced; but she was kind-hearted. cle you can imagine, and many you Mr. Binning, the Bostonian, is deli-can't, you poor, old provincial! I ache clous; so in a chastened way is Miss

A ROMANCE OF GENEVA.

It is permeated with the Geneva atmosphere. Every scene tells. Every episode is instinct with life, and makes its impression on the memory. The brawl in the inn called the Bible in Hand, the girl's torture of herself for the purpose of testing the nerves of the new loss of the sum in the proper to hold them in happier times."

The wind has bundled up the clouds big to analyze them; it cannot be done.

The which has bundled up the clouds big to analyze them; it cannot be done.

The who has bundled up the clouds big to analyze them; it cannot be done.

The wind has bundled up the clouds big to analyze them; it cannot be done.

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The wind has bundled up the clouds big to analyze them; it cannot be done.

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The book anal try to analyze them; it cannot be done.

The book anal try to analyze them; it

Savoy. The heroine is Anne Royaume, a Genevese girl, whose simple-hearted loyalty to her half-insane mother causes her to come under suspicion of witch-craft. The hero, Claude Mercler, is a penniless student, who lodges in the house. Another lodger is the alchemist Caesar Bastirga, an Italian and most unpleasant villain. The atmosphere of mystery is well preserved and envelops the relations of these characters until the plot is well developed. It is a good adventure novel.

From an artistic point of view, perhaps, the best element of the book is its realism. It is not one of those historical novels which might have happened anywhere.

It is permeated with the Geneva atmosphere Eyery seene tells. Every enional and hastened to follow the example.

The suddiers heads with the closing of the scene at the closing of the state, are at the faith of those who opened and shut, and with arms in their hands looked back on ten years of constant warfare. It is not one of those historical novels which might have happened anywhere.

It is permeated with the Geneva atmosphere Eyery seene tells. Every enional content of the book is the faith of those who opened and shut, and with arms in their hands looked back on ten years of constant warfare. It is not one of those historical novels which might have happened anywhere.

The suddiers heads with the story begins, is most slouched in the drawing. The read-to the faith of those who opened and shut, and with arms in their hands looked back on ten years of constant warfare. It is eather at once into the life of the time. Reaching the sate once into the life of the time. Reaching the sate once into the life of the time. Reaching the sate once into the life of the time. Reaching the sate once into the life of the time. Reaching the sate once into the life of the time. Reaching the sate once into the life of the time. Reaching the sate once into the life of the time. Reaching the sate once into the life of the time. It is not one of these has a pointing arms and smoid-term in the faith

Tupified in Another Book of Fanciful Irish Verse.

THE CHARM OF CELTIC POETRY.

Since the name of W. B. Yeats "She could have called over the rim of the world whatever woman's love had hit her world, lovers of poetry have been nobody; an Irish poet whose work may be said to be autochthanous, and who obeys the simple inspiration of his time and place. His latest book, called "In the Seven Woods: Being of the latest book, called "In the Seven Woods: Being of the latest book, called "In the Seven Woods: Being of the latest book, called "In the Seven Woods: Being of the latest book, called "In the Seven Woods: Being of the latest beautiful and latest b Poems Chiefly of the Irish Heroic Age, confirms the impressions made by his

The magic and the beauty of these poems is untransferrable to prose, and their delicate charm will not be felt by everybody. It is difficult to explain in just what this charm consists. It may be in the wild freedom of the thought. In the exquisite rightness of the choice of words, or in the flashes of insight into human nature; but it is certainly there.

Take the lines at the very beginning and their solutions will be the solution of the eyes of Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

terness that empty the heart.

The Seven Woods belong to that magical world which Coleridge entered in writing "Kubia Khan" and Keats, in telling of the nightingale; indeed, these two mystical poets spent much time.

"The yellow pool has overflowed high up on Clooth-na-Eare, For the wet winds are bowing out of the clinging alr: Like heavy flooded waters our bodies and our blood;" two mystical poets spent much time thehe. It may have ben known to Thomas of Ercildoune. William Blake may have strolled there, and it is certainly part of the raim of the Brushwood Boy. Here lived the Queen Maeve, and Yeats thus writes of her:

and our blood;

But purer than a tail candle before the Holy Rocd

the Holy Rocd

I here few extracts will show the tone and temper of the book. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

aware of a presence distinctly And yet had been great bodied and original in the throng of latter-day poets; a poet who imitated nobody, borrowed from nobody, was influenced by And she'd had lucky eyes and a high

This is a woman to brave supernatural beings at midnight—as she did. Another woman of the old heroic Irish race lives in this wild lyric:

POETRY AND CHILDREN.

Child Verse Home Made for Home Reading.

Wilkinson, author of two or and poetic prose by Florence three original and poetic novels. Some of the verses are bright nonsense and a few express those vague intang-ible and all ut unspeakable thoughts of childhood which are to the mature mind little more than elusivedreams. To the latter class belongs this bit of real poetry:

THE GREY FEET. "I often hear footsteps a-following be-

But Katie laughs, 'La child you hear them in your mind.

seem to stray Along the edge of evening when kittens love to play.

I call them my Grey Feet because they

They rustle in the woods they creakle on the stair; I turn around to speak, but no one's

'I think they are the Shadows of all the different things, The Shadows of tall trees, of ships and clouds and kings.

toeing off somewhere, whispering Hush and Hark, Shadows never must be seen after the streets get dark,

"I call them my Grey Feet; they go so soft and blind;
But Katie laughs, 'La child; you hear them in your mind.'"

noneymoon drive of the father and mother of the "Kings and Queens" is an episode:
"Daniel, the little boy with whom had a recent

Louis Becke, Voyager and Novelist.

A new novel by Louis Becke has just

to guide us to the Look-Off. When w MEMORY. "There are just two kinds of remem-You either remember clear as glass."
The way John does in arithmetic class,
Or else you sort of remember,
The way I do from my history book,
The way that dim reflections look
In the shiny black plano legs,
Or the shaky water of the brook;
That's how I sort of remember." sill to the forest window whence'

And this: THE BACKWARDS ROAD.

"I know that somewhere there must be
A Backwards Road,
A road like this,
Leading to all old lovely times,
Picnics last year, forgotten rhymes,
And dolls I used to kiss.

But every road beneath my feet Leads farther off

Leads farther on From yesterday; And when I creep into my bed I feel it rock beneath my head, Like ships upon their way. "If I could only find that road,

The Backwards Road,

How quick I'd walk

And change the naughty things I've
done.

done,
Pick up my playthings one by one,
And hear the baby talk." The press introduction is not the least attractive part of the book. In it a honeymoon drive of the father and

reached that dizzy pinnacle he told us how, one snowy day, as he stole through the underbrush, he came upon a rab-bit sitting on the ledge that is as a oks off from the wooded top of Mount Hemlock. There he set, just as nice as a per

son, looking off from the Look-Off Place, said Daniel, with the awed and innocent eyes of the very young. What do you spose he was a-doing of?" Of the freakish bits of nonsense this is a fair example: PROVOKING BELINDA "Suppose it were as dark as pitch,
And you were by a dreadful sea.
And if you ran you would fall in,
And if you stopped there was a witch,
Hungry for you,
What would you do?"

"I'd rather stay at home, said Belinda, And sleep all night in bed."

'But please suppose that you were there,
And that there was no home nor bed,
And if you ran you would fall in,
And if you stopped she'd catch your
hair,

And crunch at you, What would you do?

"'I'd rather stay at home,' said Belinda, 'And sleep all night in bed.' The illustrations are by Ethel Frank-lin Betts, and the quaint, serious faces of Beulah, Belinda, John, and David are charming in their sailor suits and starched frocks. Beulah and David are twins. (New York: McClure-Phillips Company)

"Daniel, the little boy with whom we had a nearly acquaintance, volunteered Company.)

A History of Socialism. "The History of Socialism in United States," by Morris Hillquit, has

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NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Story of Love, War and Witchcraft.

ETTERS HOME." the latest book of William Dean Howclls, is a demi-semi novel of a style half way between the al farce of "The Mouse Trap" subtle seriousness of "The Qualsubtle seriousness of "The "What impresses me most is the gratis, exhibition that goes on all the time, the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the streets that you could not get for money anywhere else, and that here is for the continuous performance of the continuous performance o

hing as unsophisticated as they are.

A flowers botty,

As for the love story, it deals with
a younger Charles Bellingham or
omfeld Corey, without the bonhomic
that of the well-meaning young man,
that is the property than the well-meaning young m

The account which Ardith (the Iowa marrying one girl while he is in love 66 7 INGS AND QUEENS" is the

Some Typical People. America is a lively heroine. As an

to get it all in verse; I want to write the Epic of New York, and I am going to those who like Howells. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

THE MODERN SPEECH NEW TESTAMENT.
Richard Francis Weymouth. New York:
The Baker & Taylor Co.
THE BEST AMERICAN ORATIONS OF TO-

DAY, Edited by Harriet Blackstone. New York: Hinds & Noble.

MODERN PRACTICAL THEOLOGY. Frederick 8. Schenck. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
THE ENOCKER. Frank C. Voerhies. Boston: THE STORIES OF PETER AND ELLEN. Ger

Bros.

SEA SCAMPS. Henry C. Rowland. New York:
McClure, Phillips & Co.
IKE GLIDDEN IN MAINE. A. D. McFaul.
Boston: Dickerman Publishing Company.

LOVE, THE FIDDLER. Lloyd Osbourne. New
York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
TWO PRISONERS. Thomas Nelson Page. New
York: R. H. Russell & Co.
AIDS TO THE STUDY OF DANTE. Charles
Allen Dinsmore. Boston: Houghton, Miffiln & Co.

Clarence Lathbury. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
THE WINGS OF THE MORNING. Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode.
HIS LITTLE WORLD. Samuel Marwin. New York. A. S. Barnes & Co.
PORTAGE PATHS. Archer Butler Hulbert.
Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company.
ANTHONY WAYNE. John R. Spears. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
THE ADVENTURES OF AN ARMY NURSE.
Mary Pinney, Baroness von Oenhausen. Eddited by James Pinney Monroe: Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
ALBERAL EDUCATION AND A LIBERAL FAITH. Charles F. Thwing. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.
ADMIRAL PORTER. James Russell Soley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
FLODDEN FIELD. Alfred Austin. New York: Harper & Bros. Mutual Book Chippeny.

THE STORIES OF PETER AND ELLES.

trude Smith. Illustrated in color, New York: Harper & Bros.

ORCHARD LAND. Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

McCLURE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL. Edited by T. W. H. Crosland. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE MOTHER GOOSE JUNGLE BOOK. Illustrated. Chicago: Madison Book Company.

A NIDNAPED COLONY. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Harper & Bros.

SALLY. MRS. TUBBS. Margaret Sidney.

Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

HAWTHORNE AND HIS CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

Julian Hawthorne. New York: Harper & Bros.

SEA SCAMPS. Henry C. Rowland. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

MCCLURE: D. Appleton & Co.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION AND A LIBERAL PAITH. Charles F. Thwing. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

ADMIRAL PORTER. James Russell Soley. New York: Bros.

SEA SCAMPS. Henry C. Rowland. New York: Harper & Bros.

SEA SCAMPS. Henry C. Rowland. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

MCCLURE: D. Appleton & Co.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION AND A LIBERAL POITER. James Russell Soley. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

ADMIRAL PORTER. James Russell Soley. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY. Poultney Bigelow. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE NEW THOUGHT SIMPLIFIED. Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY. New York: The Jeffersonian Society.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN MODERN LIFE. Bey-THE YOUNG WOMAN IN MODERN LIFE.

The Real Kentucky Mountaineer.

Joseph S. Malone, whose story of the been issued which bears title "Helen Adair." Mr. Becke is an Australian has just been published by Revells, says Julian Hawthorne. New York: Brown of Nowland. New York: Sea SCAMPS Henry C. Horizon Hawthorne. New York: Brown of Nowland. New York: Brown of Nowland. New York: Meeting Phillips & Co.

100 July Hillips & Co.

100 July Hill